



THE **Quill**

**A MAGAZINE FOR
WRITERS, EDITORS,
AND PUBLISHERS**

That Co-ed Story!

By Franklin M. Reck

President, Sigma Delta Chi,
Professional Journalistic Fraternity

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Pennsylvania State Manager,
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Pointers on Book Reviewing

By Leo W. Allman

Special Article and Fiction Writer

Tales From the Police Beat

By Orien W. Fifer, Jr.

Editorial Department, The Indianapolis News

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As They View It

That Local Complex

IN many cities, the editors have the "local" complex. So long as it's "local," it must be given preference no matter how trivial or inconsequential—no matter how much really important news desired by class readers is cut out. Take foreign news—we print less and less of it each year even as America's employment problems and economic future grow more dependent on import and export trade and a world-wide viewpoint.

* * *

I know it will be said that economic news, foreign news is "too heavy." I suggest that background and interpretation can be interestingly written. If it is heavy, there may be need of a new approach, but topics of major interest are there just the same and of far more consequence than the columns and columns of "local"—given mostly to automobile wrecks, roadhouse quarrels or the domestic infelicity of individuals known probably to not more than one hundred persons in a city of one hundred thousand or over.

* * *

The truth is that a great many newspapers are edited on the basis of sensation rather than importance. Far be it from me to suggest that sensation should not be the rule when the story is not only unique but of human interest. I do say, however, that sensation is frequently the only excuse for the printing of otherwise trivial information on the first pages. Frankly, I think a balance should be struck between the two purposes: the presentation of valuable information and the furnishing of amusement or entertainment.

* * *

There is in my judgment a distinct relationship between satisfying the class readers and, in turn, forming the basis for class advertising. We are increasing each year the number of class readers in America. The high schools and colleges are turning them out and the radio is doing its share in increasing the sum total of popular knowledge.

* * *

If the Chevrolet Company should suddenly change the quality of its product, the public probably would know it. Yet when a newspaper diminishes the quality and amount it gives the reader, the average editor assumes that the readers do not notice it. There was a time probably when such changes could be made without serious consequences. Nowadays, however, we have the radio which furnishes an interesting check upon newspapers. Many important speeches are delivered over the radio which are summarized briefly in the newspapers. I dare say that most newspapers feel they can cut the text of a speech by the President of the United States or Members of the Cabinet and that the readers will not care if they do abbreviate it. But I am wondering what impression it makes on the mind of an intelligent person who hears a significant speech by a public official and next day sees none of it or only a brief summary in the newspaper.

* * *

I submit that the newspapers ought to maintain their quality at all times and they can do so even with diminished space for reading matter. In other words, the necessity for careful selection is apparent.

* * *

The American newspaper has a bigger job ahead than ever before in its history—it must acquire and retain reader interest. To do this, requires better editing than we have been getting and to have better editing the editorial department must have better reporters, better copy desks, adequate news services and a decent budget on which to produce a newspaper.

* * *

Some day, the price of the American newspaper to the reader must everywhere go to at least five cents daily and ten cents Sunday. Why isn't it done now? Could it be done soon? I doubt it. A rise in price can not precede but must follow a distinct and recognizable improvement in the quality of American newspapers.—David Lawrence, of the *United States Daily* in the *Bulletin* of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

THE QUILL

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A Magazine for Writers, Editors, and Publishers

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That Co-ed Story!

Editors and Educators Discuss the Controversial Article
by Deak Miller Which Appeared in The Quill for July

By FRANKLIN M. RECK

President of Sigma Delta Chi, Professional Journalistic Fraternity

IF three girls are dismissed from a university for misconduct, the public interest isn't great enough to justify printing the story.

A reporter has no right to "forget" a story. Whether he thinks it printable or not, he should report it to his city editor.

THOSE are the conclusions, emphatically stated, of editors who replied to THE QUILL's recent questionnaire on a matter of editorial policy. THE QUILL received a story from a young newspaper man telling how he ran across the information that three girls had been expelled from college for frequenting a disorderly house. The story, he was certain, was sewed up. After some thought he decided to "forget" it.

To a number of leading editors throughout the United States, THE QUILL sent the following four questions:

1. Did the reporter do right in "forgetting" the story?
2. Should he have told the city editor?
3. Would you have printed the story if the reporter had brought it to you?
4. How would you have handled it had you decided to print it?

The majority of editors heartily condemn the reporter for failing to report it to his chief. Most of them wouldn't have used the story. If circumstances had compelled them to

use it, they would have played it down. Many would not have used the names of the girls.

Although these conclusions are general, in nearly every case there are editors who differ. Out of the more than 50 from whom THE QUILL heard, 10 would have used the story.

In Explanation

WIDE interest was aroused in the article "So I Killed the Story!" which appeared in The Quill for July. Deak Miller, young newspaper man, explained in the article how he had "forgotten" a story and why.

Leading editors and journalistic educators were asked to comment on the reporter's action and also upon the story that he "forgot." They did so in a most interesting fashion. The editors asked to comment are located in towns or cities where educational institutions are situated.

Their replies have been compiled by Franklin M. Reck, president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, in the accompanying article. Mr. Reck is assistant managing editor of The American Boy magazine and the author of numerous short stories and articles.

A half dozen justify the reporter in not reporting to his chief.

Regarding Question One, Fred Fuller Shedd, editor of the Philadelphia Bulletin and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, says:

"I do not believe the reporter did right in forgetting the story. He should have told his city editor both to protect himself and because it was his duty. It is not the reporter's duty to determine what shall or shall not be reported and printed in the paper. That's editorial responsibility, and the good soldier reports to his superior."

Malcolm W. Bingay, editorial director of the Detroit Free Press, is even more emphatic.

"A reporter has no right to keep information of any kind whatsoever from his city editor. He is the finder of facts and only that. It may be that the city desk has information about this school of which he knows nothing. He is a disloyal reporter and a failure in his work if he assumes the judgments of the editor. I am beginning to see red at the very thought!"

W. S. Gilmore, managing editor of the Detroit News, makes the general statement that everything a reporter knows belongs to his paper. James A. Stuart, managing editor of the Indianapolis Star, agrees with Mr. Bingay that the reporter should be fired.

M. V. Atwood, associate editor of the Gannett Newspapers, discussed

THE QUILL's questions first with three executives of the Gannett group, and later at an informal meeting of the New York State Society of Newspaper Editors. Three of the executives and all 19 of the editors agreed that the reporter should have told his city editor. The fourth executive suggested that if the reporter learned of the episode "off duty" he was not obligated to report it.

Vincent G. Byers, managing editor of the New York *Evening Post*, can see only two possible excuses for "forgetting" the story: First, if the reporter obtained it in confidence; and second, if he were employed, say, on ship news or in the financial department.

Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of *The Nation*, says unequivocally that the reporter did right in "forgetting" the story. And to the question: "Should he have told the city editor?" he replies: "Depends on what kind of a man the city editor was."

"The reporter's decision was based on a proper sense of social values," said Prof. Ralph D. Casey, head of the University of Minnesota Department of Journalism and president of the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism. "I have no quarrel with his decision if the city editor was a man lacking in discrimination of such values. The reporter had to size up the city editor."

IN asking editors whether or not they would use the story, THE QUILL pointed out the conclusions reached by the actual reporter who actually stumbled across the story (the July QUILL carried this man's reactions in full): That the case had been fairly handled by the university and that publication would bring odium on a well-conducted, respected institution. THE QUILL also asked if an institution has a right to privacy in a matter of this kind.

Mr. Shedd is less interested in the effect of the story upon the institution than in its effect upon the three girls.

"Would the newspaper have been justified in printing the facts," he asks, "blackening the reputation of these young women, perhaps blasting their lives? The newspaper is not the sworn police officer, charged with the responsibility of enforcing any code of morals to such a degree of rigidity. From my present point of view I would have thought more seriously and would have been far more concerned with the lives and welfare of those three young women than with the interest of the university, which possibly might have been

given a certificate of merit before the public because of its strict discipline in the control of its student body.

"The newspaper is not properly a muckraker. We do not print all we know, much less all we hear or can find out about the individual lives of the people of our community, however prominent they may be. And not infrequently there is reason—not 'pull' or influence of any sort—but just plain humanity and mercy and natural regard for the welfare of others and the normal pull at the heartstrings, for us carefully to consider whether or not public good is paramount to personal hurt, in the preparation and publication of news.

Speaking of Moratoriums...

MORATORIUMS may be an important factor in bringing about an adjustment of the world's difficulties but they have no place in an editorial office. There can be no suspension of the obligation to give readers an interesting variety of articles every month.

With that in mind, the September issue of *The Quill* will offer:

A provocative article by W. M. Kiplinger, of the Kiplinger Washington Agency, on journalistic specialization and education.

Dean Vernon McKenzie, of the School of Journalism at the University of Washington, in a "confession" article.

Werner P. Meyer, of N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc., in a discussion of the newspaper man's chances in advertising.

An account of the death of Ben Thompson, Texas mankiller, by John R. Lunsford, of the Temple, Texas, Telegram.

A plea for a new deal for the editorial page by Hamilton E. Gray, of the editorial-page staff of the Des Moines Register and Tribune.

W. A. Rorison, editor of *Electrolux Refrigerator News*, in a spirited reply to Fred Welch's attack on house organs in the July issue.

Other brief articles and the regular departments also will appear in the September issue.

I do not think I would have printed the story."

Mr. Stuart agrees with Mr. Shedd.

"I think the story should be killed," he states, "primarily because it would be doing an irreparable injury to the girls. No good purpose could be served by its publication. Such cases are not typical of any university. They do happen but every university knows how to handle them and soon puts an end to such practices."

Prof. Roy L. French, head of the department of journalism at the University of Southern California, believes that the story's only news value lies in its salaciousness, and that the paper that would print such a story is definitely committed to the practice of pouring out filth to those who openly or secretly enjoy it. And such a paper, he believes, could only print it in all its details.

Harry F. Busey, of the Columbus, Ohio, *Citizen*, agrees with Professor French. To the public the story would be just "another salty tale." Ray Hoyt, city editor of the Columbus *Dispatch*, calls the story "commonplace news—in the same class as drunks." Philip W. Porter, city editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, agrees that the story is unimportant.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, editor of the *Emporia Gazette*, writes that he would not have used the story, and with good-natured cynicism adds this question: "You say that you felt that 'publication would bring odium upon a well-conducted and respected institution.' . . . Which one?"

"I would not have printed the story," says Harry Brown, editor of the Gainesville, Florida, *Daily Sun*, "and in this case I think that the rights of the institution have priority over that of the public, particularly when the dear public is more interested in sensation than in actual news values."

Mr. Gilmore would not have used the story on the assumption that to do so would destroy the girls' reputations and serve no good purpose.

Henry Justin Smith, managing editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, doesn't believe that universities have a better right to privacy than other institutions, nor than individuals. Elmer W. McCreary, editor of the Gainesville *News*, agrees with Mr. Smith, and states that a school's right to privacy depends on the manner in which it is conducted.

"Time and again," he says, "newspapers, for the public good, are compelled to expose conditions existing

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Keeping Off the Shelf

When Blase Cynicism Replaces Healthy Skepticism---Look Out!

By LEO V. DOLAN

Pennsylvania State Manager, International News Service

BURNED out—"written out"—trade terms for the newspaper man who is through!

How often they are used; applied to the reporter whose copy lacks the fire it once possessed! What's happened to the color Smith once injected into his yarns? The snappy, concise word pictures that featured Brown's interviews? The vim, pep and punch of Jones' front-page boxes?

Have they suddenly evaporated; are these newspaper men "burned out"?

I doubt it. There must be a more deeply rooted cause.

The cause, I believe, is simply that the dash of healthy skepticism which once seasoned the output of these reporters has been replaced with blase cynicism. And the replacement has been so gradual as to be imperceptible until the damage is irreparable.

We've all laughed at the cub reporter. We've borne with his excess of zeal and his laughable mistakes that sometimes necessitated explanations. But, wouldn't we rather have on our staff the cub with his eager outlook, his ability to *feel* the human interest, the real-life tinge to a story, than the man to whom every assignment is "just another story"?

There's an apt illustration that leaps instantly to mind. The illustration bears the name of James L. Kilgallen, one of the most brilliant and colorful writers in the game, a star reporter for International News Service.

Kilgallen has a roving beat, the Western hemisphere. Among the celebrities he has interviewed are Ford, Rockefeller, Edison, Firestone, Sloan and Capone. He has covered prison fires and riots, southern floods and championship baseball games, shipwrecks and civic investigations.

For many years, Kilgallen has covered the big stories. But he is not "burned out" nor "written out." And I believe his success to be due to the fact that he has not been seared with the acid of cynicism.

Every story is a new story to him. Although he is a veteran, he approaches it with the fresh, eager in-

Introducing

LEO V. DOLAN, Pennsylvania state manager for International News Service and author of the accompanying article, started his journalistic career as a carrier for his home-town paper, the Hackensack, N. J., Bergen Evening Record.

He became associated with International News Service in New York and was transferred to the Columbus, O., staff.

From Columbus, he was promoted to the manager-ship of the Detroit Bureau and thence to New York as night editor. Later, he was named head of the Harrisburg, Pa., bureau, in the center of political battles, and from Harrisburg went to Pittsburgh as state manager, the position he now holds.

terest of the cub reporter. For the time being, he loses himself in the role of the average newspaper subscriber who is going to read the story. He has an absorbing interest in people.

Kilgallen has learned the secret. People want a bit of skepticism; it is their safeguard. But there is enough to be cynical about in their daily lives without enduring the cynicism of a reporter.

If a man has allowed himself to become a confirmed cynic, his copy will show it. If he doesn't get the "feel" of the story, he cannot make his readers feel it.

IT has always been my belief that newspaper men are born-to-be. It is their destiny. I ask no better proof of this assertion than to have you recall striking instances of mediocrity you have met in visits to editorial rooms.

How many gray-haired veterans—men who should never have entered the game, or having entered it, should have been discharged quickly in the name of compassion—how many of this type have you noticed?

Every city editor should be able to tell whether a cub reporter is going to develop into a real newspaper man, and I believe that the humane, but false, quasi-compassion that impels so many city editors to keep on their staffs men who will never rise above mediocrity is a crime against journalism and an injustice to the reporter.

Because of this compassion, the cub is condemned to a lifetime of mediocrity. The vista of glowing achievement which opened to him on his advent into newspaper work fades with the years. As he grows older, his mediocrity becomes even more marked. Younger men crowd in, eager young men, bound on accomplishment.

Our youthful cub, who in all justice should have been fired and advised to enter other work, becomes the stodgy, gray-haired veteran, glued to a battered desk in a remote corner of the city room, dispiritedly clipping exchanges. The romance of the game has passed him by.

Mediocrity is at once the curse and tragedy of newspaper work. Responsibility for rooting out mediocrity and obliterating the tragedy lies squarely on the shoulders of the man who hires and fires in the city room.

IT is my opinion that four prime essentials contribute to the make-up of a real newspaper man. Boiled down, these are:

1. **Stamina**—stick-to-itiveness—push.
2. **An open mind.**
3. **Devotion to the job.**
4. **A bred-in-the-bone sense of curiosity coupled with a retentive memory.**

The first and last, stamina and curiosity, I believe must be inborn. They cannot be taught.

The importance of having an open mind, receptive to impressions, is only too apparent. The man who cannot see both sides to every news story, cannot write that story. An open mind implies fairness, getting, writing and printing both sides of every story.

Devotion to duty needs no amplification. A trite phrase, it sums up

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On My Own in Mexico

By THEODORE ALLAN EDIGER

DISSATISFIED with newspaper salaries? Think you're worth more than you are getting?

There's one way out. Go into business for yourself. Start a news distribution agency. Become a free lance, the game in which the sky is the limit upward, and the gutter is the limit in the opposite direction. Go into a foreign country if you want a more unlimited field of activity. You will either make or break yourself.

Free-lancing, in spite of all its drawbacks, has several advantages, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The free lance in a foreign country gets invaluable experience on which he may have an opportunity to cash in a few stages later in the game. Besides, for young newspaper men of the right temperament, it's lots of fun.

A couple of years ago I spurned a desk job in New York and came to Mexico without a position but with a great deal of interest in things about me and a desire to take a fling at the sometimes perilous free-lance game. I am still in Mexico and I still like it here. I think free-lancing in a foreign land is a great game.

Far be it from me to attempt to influence any budding young American journalist to leave native soil, but if anyone is seriously thinking of shifting his sphere of action in pursuit of the free-lance game, he naturally would be interested first of all in selecting the corner of the world in which to park his portable typewriter.

It is my firm conviction that no matter how much competition there may be in the free-lance field in any real news center of the world, any newspaper man who is powerful enough at his profession can say, "Shove over, buddy"—and edge in successfully. There is plenty of news in all the great European capitals and likewise in some of the larger Latin-American cities. First hand, I am in a position to speak only about Mexico, however, and I can say that there is *bastante* excellent material in Mexico City, although, as in Europe, the field is well organized by this time. When I first came to Mexico City there were fewer American newspaper men in the city than there are now, which is not saying, however, that a high-powered journalist could

Make or Break

EVER wanted to chuck your routine job and hie yourself to foreign shores, there to live the life of a free lance? Make or break?

Theodore Allan Ediger had that urge—and he obeyed it with the results that he sets forth here in one of the most interesting articles on free lancing that The Quill ever has presented.

Mr. Ediger, whose articles appear in some of the country's best known newspapers and magazines, has been a contributor to The Quill on two previous occasions. His article "Telling the World About Mexico" appeared in the April, 1930, issue, and his "Printing the News in Mexico City" in the July, 1930, issue. The first told of the way American correspondents went about their work in Mexico and the latter concerned the press in Mexico City.

not find room in the capital. Of those who come here to try the game some stay and others go back broke.

I am convinced that in order to make a lasting success a free lance must be in one of the great cities of the world. Last fall I went to Monterrey, which is perhaps the second city in Mexico in importance, to try my hand at free-lancing there. There were no American newspaper correspondents there and the city was growing in importance, since it is the industrial capital of the republic, and Mexico's most strategically located American tourist center.

The first month I found plenty of feature stuff in Monterrey. The second month my stories were fewer and not as "hot." The third month my income began to dwindle seriously, and the beginning of the fourth month I was back in Mexico City, where there is always news and plenty of it. It may be a profitable undertaking for a writer to visit a virgin field outside of the world's most important cities, but usually it takes a city of a million to make his permanent stay a butter-and-egg proposition.

Language and capital are two

things that must be considered in selecting a country to which to go. If a young man or woman has a sense of languages—which I am sorry to say many Americans do not have—I believe he can acquire a working knowledge of the average foreign language within a year, provided he seriously tries to learn it. That is, he must be able to get away from the idea that English is the only language and must be able to think in terms of the foreign language. I know persons who have been in Mexico ten years and barely know how to call a telephone number in Spanish so the operator understands it. They insist in Anglicized pronunciation of Spanish, and call *senor* "senior," for example, and *mantequilla* "man-to-kill-oh." They are Americans without language "sense." Once a person learns a foreign language, however, he has a treasure that he cannot prize too highly.

AS to capital—well, traveling doesn't cost much if the traveler is more desirous of getting some place than of living in Ile de France luxury en route. One highly successful free lance in Mexico, Carleton Beals, author of several highly interesting novels and hundreds of magazine articles, told me that on one occasion he traveled to Italy third class, which he said was not much better than swimming, but he got some good material for future writings on his trip.

I consider diversity in writing a great asset for a free lance. If a newspaper man can pound his ink machine in such a way as to make not only straight news stories, but also magazine articles and possibly fiction, come out of it, he stands a much better chance for success. The reason is obvious, for the greater the variety of his brain children the more unlimited his market is. He will find it to his advantage to be able to handle sports, general news, features, political and international-affairs stories, social news, technical stuff, magazine articles, and fiction, and to use a camera. The use of a camera is invaluable in the foreign free-lance field, I have found, for while nearly all newspapers of any size maintain their own photographic staff, a writer on his own would not always find it profitable to pay a photographer \$10 to take a picture with which to illus-

A Free-Lance Writer's Account of Some of His Experiences Below the Rio Grande

trate an article, the sale of which is usually not sure in the first place. Besides, the writer with a camera can snap exclusive pictures while traveling and on many other occasions.

My implements consist of a portable typewriter and a postcard-size camera. That is, the camera takes postcard-size pictures. These two tools have been in many parts of Mexico with me, and while I am a poor photographer I have by this time a large "morgue" of photos, good enough for illustration purposes, on about 101 Mexican topics. In fact, I now free-lance for news photo services as well as for newspapers and magazines, despite my photographic shortcomings, and any other amateur photographer in a foreign country could do the same.

ANOTHER desirable qualification of a free lance is the ability to put in long hours. A free lance can often make a living by working only a few hours of the day, but if he wants to make more money than he did when he had the city-hall beat on the Bee Center Daily Honey he must usually put in longer hours to do so.

A large acquaintance among their majesties the editors helps, and so does a general reputation for dependability and the ability to refrain from getting drunk at strategic moments just because the editor happens to be many kilometers away.

In countries like Mexico it is not hard to get the *manana* spirit so completely as to let it mar your record of dependability. I remember on one occasion the New York *Mirror* ordered a story from me on a murder in Mexico City. Through negligence, partly by myself and partly by the cable office, I failed to receive the message until the following day. Although I hastened to explain the matter to the *Mirror*, of course pushing the entire blame on the cable office, I have never been able to place another story with the *Mirror*.

Getting started is perhaps the biggest problem the new free lance will have to meet. He will find it to his advantage to make friends with other foreign correspondents in the city and to glean advice from them. They will be eager to help him if they like him, and in a few months the free lance will be making money if he has any luck at all. His business will continuously increase, if he works it

right, and soon he will be so busy he will find it hard to fill all his orders. That is when he will begin to see financial advantages in free-lancing. The first two or three months, however, a savings account to draw upon comes in mighty handy.

KNOWING where to market stories is important. Literary market guides, studies of news stands, and the suggestions of friends all help. There are so many publications in the English language, including principally those of the United States, Canada and England, that there is usually a market for every story really worth writing. The only hitch lies in the fact that most of the magazines do not pay very much, and the object of the game is to crash the five-cent-a-word class, for example. Ability to see through the glasses (sometimes colored) of each individual editor and to surmise his own peculiar wants is perhaps a greater asset to the free lance than great literary ability.

I have a string of newspapers—large metropolitan dailies of the United States and Canada—for whom I write regularly. From each I have an individual rule book, but I can syndicate much of my material to the entire string. Most of my correspondence is by mail although I furnish cable service as well to some papers.

The magazines with which I have the best success are those dealing especially with Pan-American topics and travel magazines. Then, too, I hit the class magazines hard, submitting, perhaps, a sports article to a sports magazine, a yarn on motoring in Mexico to a motor publication, or an article on aviation in Mexico to an aviation magazine. I let a literary agent handle all my fiction, which I find greater difficulty in selling.

During my incumbency in the Mexican free-lance field it has been my lot to cover events that are not included in the scope of the average newspaper reporter in the United States,

such as bullfights and earthquakes. When an earthquake hit Mexico last January I was eating supper at a downtown restaurant in Mexico City. It might be superfluous to add that I was scared and became seasick as I was rocked back and forth. However, while some of the women about me were still on their knees praying I was en route to the cable office. I wasn't hungry any longer anyway and I had work to do.

IN looking back over the stories that I have covered in Mexico for newspapers I recall that one of the most interesting to me was the case of Tom Brown, prominent Canadian, who was hiding in Mexico City while Canadian authorities were on his trail. Brown came to a tragic end in Mexico City after a wild life, most of which was passed in some of Mexico City's gaudy second-class cabarets. Dissipated himself to death, said some. Murdered, said others. It was a good story. I handled the case especially for the Toronto *Evening Telegram*, and afterward I rehearsed the whole thing into an illustrated page feature.

A few nights after Brown's death I went to one of the frowzy dives the former highly respected Canadian mayor was said to have frequented. There I found one of the entertainers who was said to have been his mistress until he died. Angelina—that was her name—was willing to talk and talked plenty between drinks

after I had told her I was a friend of her Tom. I got her picture and the exclusive story I wrote partially made up for previous scoops chalked against me.

The British consulate in Mexico City was reluctant in cooperating with newspaper correspondents in the case. Three of us bent upon getting the facts entered the apartment where Brown had lived, contrary to orders of the consulate, in order to take an inventory



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A Moment I'll Never Forget

From 50 Years of Newspaper Work, a Touching Incident Is Recalled

By JOHN R. LUNSFORD

Editorial Department,
The Temple Telegram

ONE of the most affecting and intensely human incidents in my more than 50 years of active newspaper work was recalled vividly to mind last March when Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett, widow of Gen. George E. Pickett, who led the historic charge at Gettysburg during the Civil War, died in Washington.

The incident to which I refer was a meeting between Mrs. Pickett, her son, Capt. George E. Pickett, Jr., and a flag bearer under Gen. Pickett in that memorable and bloody charge. The meeting took place at San Antonio as Capt. Pickett was being invalided home from service in the Philippines and was brought about through the courtesy and thoughtfulness of a Federal commander who had battled in the Union ranks at Gettysburg.

At the close of 1899, when the United States forces had been victorious in the Philippines, officers and soldiers who had served in that brief and picturesque campaign were being returned to the United States. The disabled, invalided and wounded were being sent home first.

Capt. Pickett was among these. He had served with distinction in the U. S. Army, as had his father before resigning his commission to follow the flag of the Confederacy. The climate and stress of active service had broken Capt. Pickett's health and he had been ordered home. Because of his relation to the man who had so bravely led the charge against the Union army at Gettysburg, orders had been issued that he receive special courtesies from military stations through which his train passed and where it made stops.

Thus it was that I was afforded the opportunity of sharing in an incident that would have moved the hardest-boiled veteran in newspaper ranks to emotion.

In San Antonio at that time lived Col. M. D. Monserrate, vice-president and general manager for the San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railroad Company, of which Mrs. Hetty Green was chief owner. Col. Monserrate had been one of the flag bearers in Pickett's command on that bloody day at Gettysburg. He had followed his General across the terrain swept by

Looking Backward

CONTINUING his reminiscences, which began in the May issue of The Quill, John R. Lunsford, dean of Southwest newspaper men, here relates one of the most affecting incidents of his half century of newspaper work.

Mr. Lunsford, now past 73 years old, is still on active duty with the Temple, Texas, Telegram. He has served with newspapers throughout Texas and also in Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans. His experiences have been legion.

grape and cannister. He had fought hand to hand with the boys in blue in the "Bloody Angle" which marked the turning point of that historic battle.

He loved Pickett because of his matchless courage and magnetic personality. He treasured in his office relics of his association with the great commander and often had talked with me about that memorable day when his comrades were mowed down by hundreds. He had been found almost alone after the firing had ceased, holding up his flag as ordered and awaiting further orders.

Gen. Chambers McKibbin, a veteran of the Union army, was at that time commander of the Department of Texas with headquarters at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio. General McKibbin had seen service in Cuba and had directed the mobilization of the additional troops which were sent to the Philippines following the close of the war with Spain. He had been assigned to the Department of Texas after leaving Cuba.

He was advised from the War Department of the probable date of the arrival of Capt. Pickett and had been requested to show him and his mother every courtesy and attention dur-

ing the stop at San Antonio of the Southern Pacific train on which they were traveling to Washington.

In the afternoon of the day the train was due, Gen. McKibbin 'phoned me and suggested that Colonel Monserrate, with whom he had become most friendly during his residence in San Antonio, might be glad of the opportunity of meeting the widow and son of the gallant commander he had followed at Gettysburg. He asked me to see Col. Monserrate and tell him he would call for him in time to meet the train if he wished.

Col. Monserrate was decidedly hard of hearing. His wife answered my phone call but when I had told her the purpose of my call and she had communicated it to the Colonel, he came to the phone himself to tell me how grateful he was for the chance to meet Mrs. Pickett and her son. He said the last time he had seen her was when she had visited her husband in camp after the battle of Gettysburg and while the young captain now traveling with her was a babe in arms. This conversation with Col. Monserrate took place about 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon and at that time clouds were gathering with a promise of a tropical storm. The storm broke within two hours and rain fell in torrents flooding the streets and the downpour continued up to and after train time.

The regulation means of transportation in 1899 for army officers was a "Daugherty Wagon." Automobiles had not come into general use and especially had not reached the stage of army equipment. The Daugherty wagon was a four- or six-seated spring vehicle covered with canvas and drawn by two army mules. Realizing the inconvenience of this means of travel during such a storm as prevailed, Gen. McKibbin communicated with me and asked if Col. Monserrate would venture out in such weather. The answer from the Colonel was that as he had endured Gettysburg he was ready to face a little storm to meet the widow of his old commander.

The train was due about 9:00 o'clock in the evening and about 8:00 o'clock Gen. McKibbin, with his

(Continued on page 16)

Pointers on Book Reviewing

Being a Discussion of a Phase of Writing With Which
Newspaper Writers May Well Become Familiar

By LEO W. ALLMAN
Special Article and Fiction Writer

It has been a long time since Sir Walter Scott referred to his reviewers by saying, "Many of these gentlemen appear to me to be a sort of tinkers, who unable to make pots and pans, set up for menders of them, and, God knows, often make two holes in patching one."

The writings of long ago are filled with this notion that authors and their reviewers are natural enemies, that the criticism of the one tends to crush out the originality of the other. Dryden declared:

"They who write ill and they who
ne'er durst write
Turn critics out of mere revenge
and spite."

The same grudge against the old objectors, whose work was the never ending business of fault finding, led the young Goethe one step farther—"Kill the dog, he is a reviewer."

But since the days of Sainte-Beuve, friend of the romantic Victor Hugo and trumpeter of his powers, reviews have been written less to annoy testy authors and written more to enlighten open minds. And probably no writing today offers a better opportunity for the hand that itches to grasp a pen.

The reason for this is not far to see. More and more books are being published, and more and more people are being interested by them. Newspapers have book-review pages or columns to meet this newer phase of their readers' interests.

Scores of papers, even in relatively small cities, have added such pages to their regular sheet because they have found it wise and profitable to do so. Yet the book-review section is not one that is, as yet, as profitable as some, for the cost of the copy is quite out of proportion to other copy costs. Whereas a reporter may write half a dozen different stories in one day, the reviewer can hardly hope to do so. He must take time to read a book carefully before he can hope to write a decent review of it, so that even though his book section appears but once a week, as is usual, he is likely to need help. Few publications can afford to employ enough full-time men to write all their reviews. Many average-size city papers have only one staff member whose sole duty is writing reviews.

They must get their reviews writ-

ten as best they can, though they can offer in payment, sometimes, nothing more than a credit line and a copy of the book reviewed. Librarians, ministers, and teachers are often thus enrolled in writing reviews and to the list might well be added every embryo writer in the community, and every writer who has passed the embryo stage but is yet desirous of increasing his power.

For to the writer there is compensation beyond a credit line and a book. There is intimate acquaintanceship with the works of the best authors, often any that he chooses to select. There is the chance of studying their methods and of seeing at first hand how they have put across their winners. From them the careful observer may add considerably to his own stock of epigrams, phrases, and, yes, even words. He may find help with untangling what, for him, are some particularly knotty skeins of rhetoric or punctuation. Familiar acquaintanceship with good authors has been credited by more than one writer as the real beginning of his career. Add to these things the opportunity of the young writer—young in either years or experience—for making critical comparisons and ex-

pressing critical opinions, and you have sufficient reasons for him, above all others, being interested in reviewing books.

NOT that he should devote all his time to it; but if he only changes mental gears with it, lays up a few good books for his library and possibly a few dollars for his stamp account, those larger values will have come free of charge, and they may remain to serve him long after their source is forgotten.

Of course it is not true that:
"A man must serve his time to every trade,
Save censure—critics all are ready-made."

If such were the case, everybody would be setting up in the business, and would, as Scott declared, certainly make two holes—or more—in trying to patch one. Yet it is true that the temper and conditions of our age encourage the critical habit. Literature is no longer an affair of the patron or connoisseur alone, but of the public. The public reads for itself, compares, estimates.

It is not the scholar alone but the artisan as well who pronounces judgment on the latest novel, mystery, or thriller. And from the host of men who are reviewers and critics unto themselves, and out of their confusing and conflicting opinions, arise the need and opportunity for system and discipline in reviewing.

Let us look at a typical review, and see how it is being done. Basil Davenport's estimate of *The Trap* (*Saturday Review of Literature*) is a typical review—average as to class, method, and length of those appearing on the book pages of the best publications in this country.

It begins by classifying the book and calls it an Aristotelian tragedy since its interest lies in the action, "which is one, entire, and possessed of a certain magnitude."

Then he proceeds to an analysis, "It is a story of strong passions, set in conflict by the desire for revenge." Next the setting, "*The Trap* takes place in Italy of the present day. . . ." Then are introduced the characters with a brief description of the part each plays in unraveling the plot. The story is not summarized,

(Continued on page 16)

About the Author

BOOK REVIEWING, a subject not treated of very frequently in *The Quill*, is discussed in an interesting fashion in the accompanying article by Leo W. Allman.

Mr. Allman tells what a good review should contain and also illustrates his remarks with an example of the sort of book review that isn't a review at all.

Since obtaining his A.B. degree at the University of Kansas and his A.M. degree at the University of Missouri, he has spent his time in teaching and the writing of special articles and short stories which have appeared in a number of magazines.

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AUGUST, 1931

The Right to Privacy

RECENT developments at Washington, growing out of President Hoover's antipathy to publicity of a personal nature, have brought to the foreground again the matter of an individual's right to privacy.

The President, it is related in dispatches from the capital, feels that nothing should be printed regarding his activities except such matter as is given out by authorized spokesmen.

Newspapermen dislike to deal with authorized spokesmen. That smacks too much of the censor. It removes the scribes from immediate contact with the individual about whom the news centers. The newspapermen prefer to have their news direct rather than through third parties, be they authorized spokesmen, publicity counsels, public-relations experts or secretaries.

Most newspapermen feel that an elected official, be it a municipal, state or Federal office that he holds, has become a public figure and as such has little or no right to privacy. This attitude has been objected to by some officials and by some individuals.

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh is an outstanding example of an individual who strove, and successfully too, to divorce his public from his private life. He told newspapermen that he was willing to talk about his calling, aviation, and allied topics but that questions and matters of a nature involving his private life or his family were taboo.

Months went by during which he maintained this policy. At times his relations with the press were somewhat strained but in the end he won his point. He would talk freely with newspapermen about aviation and allied topics, while the newspapermen steered clear of personal topics even though they knew that thousands of readers would like human, personal bits about the Colonel, his lady and their son.

Lindbergh, of course, while a public figure was not an elected official. To most newspapermen, whether an individual comes into the public light as such or as a public official makes a difference.

It is the intimate bits of news, newspapermen know, that readers like. What a public figure does in his off hours—whether he reads detective stories, hunts, col-

lects antiques, gardens, smokes a corncob pipe or rides an electric hobbyhorse are things that make him human instead of an automaton to the public. That public votes not always for the most capable man but for the man whom it has come to know chiefly through newspaper stories carrying the personal touch.

President Hoover, it appears, dislikes the very sort of newspaper story or picture that would bring him closer to the people.

Newspapermen can not help but have more respect for a man who prefers to keep his private life and family out of the public gaze as contrasted to the official or individual who will do most anything, say most anything or stand for most anything in order to attain coveted publicity.

But it is difficult for them to bring an individual or official before the public in a warm, personal manner when they are restricted to material given out by authorized spokesmen.

There must be a give-and-take policy. Every individual or official should have some degree of privacy. There should be some period during the day, week, month and year that he could feel removed from the public. Public officials must expect, however, that they will be called upon to lead the life of a goldfish much of the time. It is a part of the toll exacted of one who accepts or adopts a public life.

Keep Up the Bars

NEWSPAPERS that in prosperous periods have set up standards or codes of a high level sometimes are tempted to let down the bars during a period of adverse conditions.

Perhaps the business department seeks to open the editorial columns to publicity or puffs. Perhaps the editorial department finds itself being urged or ordered to use news of a sort formerly banned. Perhaps orders are issued to inject sensationalism into the news columns and to otherwise depart from previous standards.

A newspaper that deviates from a policy of decency and high standards in order to maintain or swell a circulation level will rue the move. Ground that has been won over a long period will be lost; traditions will be destroyed; confidence will be shaken and respect shattered.

Naturally, a newspaper, like any other institution or business, must increase its alertness and draw upon its resources and energies in a time of stress or adversity. It must fight to preserve its standing, its influence, its prestige.

But the fight can be on a decent level, on an intelligent and constructive basis. The bars can be kept up against the objectionable and undesirable.

Remember the Underdog

IN times of stress, such as have been current recently, a great responsibility and opportunity rests with the newspapers and newspapermen. They can enter into the thick of the fight to relieve want and suffering or they can be mere observers or reflectors. They can have little or no regard for the difficulties being faced by a great part of the populace or they can bend their resources and facilities toward relief or remedy.

This is a period in which newspapers can be of real service—a time when friendships and loyal followings may be created or fostered. It is a time to remember the underdog.

AFTER DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

BACK from a most enjoyable 2,600-mile vacation trip, we pause to survey this and future issues.

The remarks of the editors on the co-ed story no doubt will provide interesting and perhaps controversial reading for THE QUILL legion this month.

Theodore Allan Ediger's article concerning his free-lance experiences in Mexico probably will send a lot of young scribes hotfooting it to foreign lands—or leave them wishing that they could or dared. There are some good articles from other free lances at home and abroad in store.

In times like the present there could be no more appropriate article than Leo V. Dolan's about keeping off the shelf. That point he makes about being cynical as compared to being skeptical is one to mull over.

John R. Lunsford's reminiscences are a reminder every month of the many experiences that befall a newspaper man. Mr. Lunsford has just sent in an article concerning the death of Ben Thompson, notorious killer, whom he mentioned prominently in an earlier article. It will appear in the September issue.

Whether you ever have reviewed books or not, Leo W. Allman's article on the subject will furnish some good pointers. Orien W. Fifer, Jr., acts as the toastmaster in the yarnin' department this month. Other yarns are rolling into the office and will appear from time to time.

* * *

MEMBERS of THE QUILL staff have been busy writing books in the last few months. Don Hoover's "Copy," published by Crowell, had a splendid reception. Le Roy W. Snell, make-up editor of *The American Boy* and THE QUILL, is the author of "Carcajou," a boys' story of the Northwest, published by Cupples & Leon. Mitchell V. Charnley is the author of "The Boys' Life of Herbert Hoover," a juvenile best seller published by Harper & Brothers, and he also edited the volume, "Play the Game! the Book of Sport," published by the Viking Press. It was the Junior Literary Guild's selection for May. Franklin M. Reck, chairman of THE QUILL's publication board, and Mr. Charnley wrote most of the articles on various sports which make up the volume. Mr. Reck also is the author of a group of war stories which will

be published under the title "Sergt. Pinky" by Dodd, Mead & Co., this fall.

* * *

FROM M. N. Beeler, associate editor of *Capper's Farmer*, comes this comment on the article "Know Your Ducks," by Ben Hibbs, associate editor of *The Country Gentleman*, which appeared in the July issue of THE QUILL:

"Does Ben Hibbs really know his ducks?"

"I am not in position to judge the value of the story he refers to on page 5 of THE QUILL for July, 1931, but I hope some aspiring author's hopes were not ruined on account of the duck episode.

"If Mr. Hibbs will read page 371, 'History of the Birds,' by Bingley (Edgewood Publishing Co., Philadelphia) on the Wood Duck; page 374 of the same book on the Musk or Muscovy Duck; page 375 of the same book on the Velvet Duck; page 38, 'Birds of Arkansas,' Bulletin 258, the Arkansas Agricultural Experiment Station, January, 1931, by W. J. Bearg, on the Wood Duck and also page 38 on the Hooded Merganser; page 30, 'Ducks and Geese,' by Laman and Slocum (Orange Judd and Co.), on Muscovy Ducks, he will know his ducks better. He will no doubt be surprised that these ducks not only perch but nest in trees and the young of the Wood Duck are equipped to climb trees.

"I fully appreciate the point Mr. Hibbs makes, but he selected an unfortunate incident for his lead."

Not knowing much about ducks, the Editor will duck out at this point and refer the matter to Mr. Hibbs.

* * *

HERE'S a yarn that J. Lynn Wykoff, city editor of the *Idaho Evening Times* at Twin Falls adds to the ever growing chain. He is welcome to the story-telling circle, as are others. He writes as follows:

"One of the best 'City Room Yarns' I've run across in slightly less than two years of news work on weekly and daily papers in Oregon and Idaho concerned a head written on a death story by a young journalism school graduate who preceded me as news editor of the Tillamook (Ore.) *Herald*.

"During the summer of 1928, a young lady from Portland, Ore., during a vacation visit at Tillamook,

which is a beach town, was drowned while swimming in the ocean.

"The following Thursday the paper carried the drowning story, sympathetically describing the drowning and plans for funeral rites. The following day the young news editor, glancing over his weekly product, was horrified to discover he had headlined the story:

"DEATH TAKES PORTLAND GIRL ON VACATION TRIP."

* * *

WHILE we are talking about yarns, George P. Couper, city editor of *The Chronicle* at The Dalles, Ore., has a good one to offer. This is how he tells it:

"A few years ago, the newspaper on which I was working discovered that there was a vicious leak out of the office to the afternoon service of a press association, a rival of that to which the newspaper subscribed.

"Stories began to appear under the date line of the city and the rival press association which could not have originated elsewhere than in the local office, a definite breach of contract, so we laid a trap to catch the unknown. We had a suspicion, but nothing tangible.

"On the night of March 31, I wrote as bloodcurdling a murder yarn as ever absorbed printer's ink. When the staff arrived the following morning, those of us 'in the know' were talking excitedly about the 'murder.' At the Morse operator's noon period, he pretended to send the story using a dead key, and then laid the copy in plain sight. The trap was baited.

"About two o'clock that afternoon, an extra appeared in a neighboring large city with a screaming banner, 'WOMAN FOUND DEAD, HUSBAND SOUGHT.' Of course, we were immediately contacted by our own press bureau, made the proper explanations, and waited for the bomb to break.

"It did, and a 'sob sister' who had been 'stealing the news' from our city desk, with the knowledge and connivance of the rival press group, had a real chance to 'sob.' That stopped the leak. We passed the matter off locally as an 'April fool joke,' and the sob sister is no longer with us.

"But to this day, the rival press association speaks scathingly of the 'ethics of the profession,' and alleges that we were 'a poor bunch of sports,' to so catch a thief red-handed."

THE BOOK BEAT

Conducted by MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

Sentiment by Barrett

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND MESSRS. PULITZER, by James W. Barrett. The Vanguard Press, New York. 1931.

"The World, thank God, never failed. It was the ownership . . . that failed."

On this barbed accusation, the last of a great line of city editors of the New York World hangs his tale.

With terse bitterness Mr. Barrett turned from the deathbed of the World, and, 21 days after the Messrs. Pulitzer had sold their birthright down the river, laid before a wondering public his answer to the universal question, "Why did the World fail?"

The depth of feeling which moved this man Barrett to pound out an explanation of the causes which destroyed the World throws a question into the old gag about hard-boiled newspaper cynics.

Mr. Barrett's quarrel lies with these facts:

That Joseph Pulitzer, creator, died with the belief that he had started a fighting institution which should be preserved even though it might cease to be financially profitable;

That the sons who inherited the World took the profits from the newspaper at the expense of the plant and business;

That the men and women of the World who alone seemed to appreciate the real intent of the great J. P. were turned off with no warning, no word of gratitude and no chance to save the paper from the "disgrace" of public auction. (Mr. Barrett makes the whole book intensely personal—he obviously feels that he has been very badly treated indeed.)

It's a pithy and a strong job, this little book. It reminds you of the letter you write in the heat of anger and then tear up—only Mr. Barrett didn't tear it up. Which is all to the good, for it's a strikingly human document.—Jean Guthrie.

* * *

More About The World

THE END OF THE WORLD, by Its Intangible Assets. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1931. \$2.50.

What would you do if, tomorrow or next week, your paper should be sold and you found yourself on the

street with a copy of the last edition in your pocket and bitterness in your heart?

You might go home and talk it over with the little woman, or maybe merely wander through the park, thinking. Probably lots of us would go get drunk, later maudlin. That's just what men and women of the World did after tacking "thirty" to the last sheet of copy. And they tell about it in this book.

Who killed the World? The fingers point, Jim Barrett's at the brothers Pulitzer. Many others hazard guesses; F. P. A. grows vindictive:

Who killed the World?

I, said J. P.

With my last will and t.

I killed the World.

Newspaper men loved the World and the privileged few who worked on it had a devotion to their sheet which few papers and fewer other commercial organizations ever receive. Whatever the spirit is which makes men love their paper and speak of it as a living thing, men of the World knew it. And then, suddenly, the vital spirit which was the World was dead—though its writers continue to write and its mechanical staff still sweats out editions.

The Intangible Assets tell the story in this book as one newspaper man to another. How they were last to learn of the proposed sale, how rumor followed rumor, how they tried to buy what was sold long before they suspected it, how morning and evening staffs gathered at the deathbed to await the court's decision, and how every one retired later to a cellar temple of Bacchus to drink, talk, sing, reminisce, and some to cry—not alcoholic tears, either.

Frank Sullivan sums it all up:

"When I die I want to go where the World has gone and work on it again."

—S. J. McDonough.

RANDOM NOTES

QUILL readers may recall Carlton Beals' articles on Nicaragua in the Nation at the time it was popular to think of Sandino as a persecuted hero—recently it has been more the vogue to picture him as a bloody-lipped bandit. Beals is the

author of a new book, "Mexican Maze," published by Lippincott, which casts revealing light on the important question of American interests in Mexico. . . . Another recent publication on another American topic is just off the Century presses—Julian Duguid's "Green Hell." The book—a best seller, as most of you know—is a fascinating account of Duguid's adventurings in the little-known jungles of eastern Bolivia. . . . It seems a bit tough to pay \$1.50 for a book like "Amok," Stefan Zweig's *novelle* just brought out by Viking, when you can get half a dozen stories of the same length for a nickel in the Post. The difference is that you rarely get so delicate and beautiful a long short story in the Post or anywhere else, for a nickel or any other sum. "Amok" has all the qualities the rhetoric teachers describe at length, and is a grand story in spite of it. . . . There are at least three histories of journalism that are worth attention. They are—in order of publication—Lee's "History of American Journalism," Payne's "History of Journalism in the United States," and Bleyer's "Main Currents in the History of Journalism." . . . Inspired by the fact that "Boners" promptly went to the head of the list of best sellers, the Viking people at once put out a companion volume (\$1.00) entitled, originally and at the same time succinctly, "More Boners." Among its gems: "Last year many lives were caused by accidents." "What part did the U. S. play in the war? It played the Star Spangled Banner." An epidemic of similar tomes threatens. . . . Walter Lippmann, whose comment is to be listened to, declares that Charles Merz's "The Dry Decade" is a book the like of which he has not found in contemporary American history for "mastery of material, intellectual candor and restrained brilliance of statement." Mr. Merz, a practicing newspaper man, has told the story of what is laughingly called Prohibition in a manner (says Mr. Lippmann) that outdoes the Wickersham report. . . . Among other books that have come our way this month is "The Forest Ship" by Arnold Höllriegel (Viking, New York, 1931, \$2.50), a well-done novel of adventure along the Amazon. Graham M. Dean, who has produced a lot of boys' fiction, has recently written "The Front Page Mystery" (Appleton, N. Y., 1931, \$2). I fear that it will prove a better newspaper story for non-newspaper men than for those who know the newsroom.—M. V. C.

Tales From the Police Beat

Experiences of All Sorts Fall to the Lot of the
Reporter at Headquarters

By ORIEN W. FIFER, Jr.

Editorial Department,
The Indianapolis News

DOING police!

Most newspaper men, at one time or another in their careers, have been assigned the police beat or the covering of the police courts. For the police beat, with its constant activity, is the favorite run to which youngsters are sent for their "breaking in."

There they learn, if they have not learned it before, that there is a seamy side of life. They learn to handle all sorts of stories, for stories of all sorts trickle steadily into police headquarters—stories of crime, violence, heroism and tragedy.

Though he may graduate to another beat or be called into the office for desk work or general or special assignments, a reporter's days on the police beat are likely to furnish him a host of memories, both pleasant and unpleasant. Some of his experiences are shot through with humor, others with pathos. Some examples, with which I will follow, bear that out.

AN emergency police squad once made a fast trip to a theatre where a member of the cast, in rehearsal, had been shot. It occurred on the stage of the theatre in mid-afternoon and caused great excitement among the principals of the cast, property men and others.

As the police entered the gloomy interior and strode down the aisle toward the stage where the wounded man moaned in agony from a bullet in his abdomen, they saw a young woman, neatly dressed, quietly sitting in the front row. She was a newcomer to the company.

The appearance of the officers caused her to rise hurriedly and her eyes became wide with astonishment "Oh, oh!" she exclaimed. "I thought it was part of the show!"

IN practically every raid made by police, the actions of the victims are a source of amusement.

Once, having received information that home-brewed beer was being bottled on the second floor of a dilapidated building in the downtown district, the police went to arrest the violators.

As the police walked in, two men came from a room reeking with mash, hops and yeast, and calmly submitted

to arrest. Not so with the third man, however.

He dashed up a flight of stairs to a landing and jumped through the window. His body disappeared from view but his head was still seen bobbing peculiarly at the window sill. Rushing to the opening, the police looked down and saw the man suspended by his trouser belt from a high picket fence.

His feet were about 18 inches from the ground and he was being squeezed uncomfortably by the tightened belt, but still he continued to move his legs in windmill fashion as though running in air.

METHODS of newspaper photographers are a frequent source of laughs. I recall an instance when I was assigned to a murder story in Wisconsin. A middle-aged man had killed a woman whom he had married bigamously. After hours of ques-

On With the Yarnin'

FOR the last several issues of *The Quill*, this page has been devoted to yarns from the city room, gathered by Art Susott. This month Orien W. Fifer, Jr., rewrite man and former police reporter of the Indianapolis News, goes to bat. He also has worked with the Associated Press in New York, Chicago and other bureaus.

Meanwhile, additional yarns are coming into the editorial office from various sources. They will appear in due time. Every newspaper man, if he is any good at all, can spin yarns of his calling more interesting than those that have appeared in his paper's columns.

The story back of the story is frequently more interesting, more thrilling than the story the reporter goes out to get.

tioning he finally confessed to the crime and told where the victim's body might be found.

In custody of several officers, and trailed by a score of newspaper reporters and photographers, he led them to a snow-crusted hill in the western part of the state, and there, among scrubby trees and desolation, he pointed to some 13 graves into which he had placed the pieces of the woman's body.

"Yes, I used a knife on her," he said. "I dug a lot of little graves and put part of her in each one. We were sleeping in a tent out here while on a tour of the country."

"All right," shouted a photographer who had climbed on top of a stump in order to get a good "shot" of the slayer and the officers.

"Stand over there. That's it, right by that big grave. Now we're ready. Look up—and—SMILE!"

THEN there is the one about the reporter who took an afternoon off to see a moving-picture show but nevertheless arranged to make his regular call to the city editor's desk.

Going into a telephone booth in the lobby of the theater, he dropped his nickel in the box and called the paper.

"Hello," he said. "Gimme the city desk."

"Hello-o-o," drawled the city editor.

"Got anything for Smith?" asked the truant news gatherer.

"I guess not. But say, what's all that music?" he asked as the pit orchestra started playing.

"Oh, that's the police and firemen's band practicing here in the mayor's office," said the reporter.

"O. K.," replied his boss.

THE same city editor was a type who arrived at work about 6:30 a. m. and remained until after 5:00 p. m., frantically shouting, storming, criticizing and laboring throughout the day.

A noon luncheon engagement with his wife found him still in a nervous condition and his mood was far from amiable. As they were seated in the corner of a quiet tea room in a downtown department store, he quickly scanned the menu.

"What'll you have?" he growled at his better half.

"The regular luncheon," she replied, and he wrote it on an order slip.

"I guess I'll take the same."

He picked up the slip of paper, glanced nervously around the room and then, apparently letting his mind wander back to the newspaper office, he slammed the order slip on the table and shouted:

"Copy boy!"

THEN I recall a raid made on a crap game which was in progress on the second floor of a house with its back along the banks of a canal.

It was moonlight, but the beauties of nature were being ignored by more than a dozen colored men who were rolling the bones and shouting entreaties. The click of their fingers alone was sufficient to drown out the noise of approaching police officers.

Suddenly the weight of a 200-pound policeman plunged against the door of the house and several of his blue-coated companions stormed in-

side with the ferocity of a goal-line rush. As they charged up the stairway, the only one to the second floor, the dusky gamblers shrieked and sought unsuccessfully to escape from the law.

All but one.

In a beautiful exhibition of a swan dive, he plunged through an open window at the rear. An instant later and he was lost from sight in the waters of the canal.

Patrol wagons soon took his companions to the police station where they were charged with gaming. A careful search in the vicinity of the raided house failed to reveal a trace of the escaped man, nor had anyone seen a dripping figure.

Two weeks later his body was recovered at the lock gates a few squares away from the house.

AND then there is the case of an illiterate colored man who had been brought into municipal court as the result of a fight with his sweetheart, the fight having been of a

trivial nature and not meriting a sentence.

The judge, amused at the defendant's obvious distress, turned and said to me:

"Well, what do you think about it? Should I acquit him?"

Quickly the colored man's face became long.

"Heah, heah, Judge," he said. "Any ol' thing 'll be 'bout right but please don' ackwit me! Anything but that!"

"So you don't want to be acquitted?" asked the judge.

"No. I couldn't stand that. No, suh!"

Just then the roar of a motorcycle exhaust was heard from an alley below and a bailiff interposed:

"Judge, the acquitting machine is all ready. Hear it?"

"So it is," replied the judge. "Take this man away and acquit him."

Resisting and vigorously shaking his head back and forth, the terrified defendant was led from the courtroom and in the corridors was turned free.

That Co-ed Story!

(Continued from page 4)

in its educational institutions. Every case, such as you mention, must be decided strictly on its merits and in the interest of the general public."

Several editors point out the danger of libel in a story that is not a matter of public record.

"The absence of any court record," states T. Wayne Rea, managing editor of the Urbana, Illinois, *Courier*, "makes the story pack dynamite if the names of the offenders are published."

Robert Choate, editor of the Boston *Herald*, believes that the story as outlined is libellous, and adds: "Any respectable newspaper has a line beyond which it does not ordinarily go."

Mr. Stuart would want a good reporter to investigate before he took a chance on publishing it, and Charles A. Fell, editor of the Birmingham, Alabama, *News*, would want such a story to be a matter of public record.

R. Ray Baker, managing editor of the Ann Arbor, Michigan, *Daily News*, would not have used the story because it wasn't "fit to print." Stuart H. Perry, editor of the Adrian, Michigan, *Daily Telegram*, would not have used it because he believes that the only news value lies in the fact that the girls were students—and that's an insufficient reason.

B. W. Bradfute, editor of the Bloomington, Indiana, *Telephone*, wouldn't have used it. L. C. Paddock, editor of the Boulder, Colorado, *Camera*, agrees. Among the others holding the same view are: Prof. John E. Drewry, University of Georgia; Prof. William L. Mapel, Lee School of Journalism, Washington and Lee University; Walter R. Humphrey, of the Temple, Texas, *Telegram*; M. W. Hout, managing editor of the Champaign *News-Gazette*; and Hanley Walker, city editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*. And Mr. Atwood's survey of nineteen New York State editors and four executives of the Gannett group, shows that seventeen wouldn't have published it and six would have. All of the six would have used names.

SEVERAL editors brought up the question of whether the names of the girls should have been published. Mr. Atwood points out that many newspapers make a practice of omitting the names of youthful offenders in any crime story. Dean Willard G. Bleyer, of the University of Wisconsin School of Journalism, points out that this is considered the best newspaper practice.

"If I were a city editor," he goes on, "I would suppress the news story

entirely because I believe that the possible antisocial effects of the publication of the story would far outweigh any socially beneficial results. Publication would unquestionably ruin the lives of these young women, who are probably not old enough to realize the character of their offense and who might possibly become useful members of society if their youthful lapses were kept from the public; the reputation of the university would be needlessly injured; and the so-called deterrent effect of the publication of the news in this case, I believe, would be nil."

Prof. Bleyer also differs from those editors who state that under any circumstances the reporter should have told his city editor. He agrees that this is the regular procedure, but adds: "If I were a reporter working under a 'hard-boiled' city editor who was not sufficiently socially-minded to weigh the pros and cons in this case, I would take the responsibility of deciding the matter for myself."

Prof. John R. Whitaker, School of Journalism, University of Missouri, would not have used the names.

AGAINST this array of editors who wouldn't have used the story are a few who believe that good would be served by publication.

"The story should be printed for the good of the school," says Mr. Bingay. "Printed quietly and sanely, so that the truth would be known. If it were not printed rumors would sweep the community, and for years there would be a whispered scandal growing with each telling. You cannot suppress truth. If I were dean of a school of journalism I would permit no student to graduate without a thorough reading and understanding of Milton's 'Areopagitica.'"

George W. Purcell, of the Bloomington, Indiana, *Evening-World*, was faced with an actual case much like that recounted in the July QUILL, and he used the story. His conclusion is that good was served by publication.

"I might use the story if I could effectively employ it in a campaign to clean up the town which leaves such open temptation to college students," says Ben Green, managing editor of the Tuscaloosa, Alabama, *News*. "However, in this connection I believe I would make it clear that the community and not the institution was at fault."

"I would probably have used the story if it were libel proof," says Mr. Byers. "It seems to me that a news-

paper must assume precisely the same attitude toward an institution's right to privacy as towards an individual's right to privacy.

"The justification would be this, that if the whole matter were allowed to drop, disorderly houses would still run, thereby menacing other co-eds, and if they were to be closed there is an excellent chance that the story would get loose anyhow and the paper that had the beat might as well take advantage of it. There seems to be no doubt that such conditions, menacing to the community, should be cleaned up.

"I should doubtless delete the names of the girls. There would be no need of blasting the lives of these co-eds unless the case got into court, when the names would be public anyhow and they would have to be run."

Paul Benton, managing editor of the Rochester *Times-Union*, would have used the story only if the conditions it revealed were so disgraceful to public decency that the harm done individuals and a respected institution could not weigh against an opportunity to rouse public conscience.

"I would have printed the facts," he says, "and coincidentally have interviewed every public official who might reasonably be expected to prevent the existence of such conditions, the clergy, business leaders, etc., treating the story not as a mere nasty bit of scandal but as a social phenomenon demanding public consideration."

Mr. Benton says that his newspaper avoids speaking of young people who get into trouble as "students." They are referred to as "Mary Jones, 17, of 50 Blank Street," not as "Mary Jones, 17-year-old West High student."

Ray D. Everson, managing editor of the Indianapolis *News*, says that his paper doesn't mention the names of girls and boys, first offenders, under the age of 18.

R. J. Dunlap, managing editor of the St. Paul *Dispatch-Pioneer*, would have used the story, but would have handled it briefly and inconspicuously.

Winthrop Chamberlain, associate editor of the Minneapolis *Journal*, says that publication would have violated the settled policy of his paper in such matters.

On My Own in Mexico

(Continued from page 7)

and snap a few pictures. One of the servants at the place became suspicious and called a cop who very ceremoniously placed us all under arrest. I managed to sneak away while the Mexican cop wasn't looking but I was nervous until with American consular aid my two friends were released.

One of these two correspondents—who might not want his name mentioned—got even with me some time later when I was given "the works" by police in Monterrey after he had safely reached home. It happened one night when a taxi driver mistook us for gringo tourists and tried an old Mexican game on us. He drove up just as we were leaving the *Obispado* and told us our car was ready for us. We told him we hadn't ordered it, which we had not. When he tried to force us to take it, we ran, being in an excitement-craving mood. We went through mud and brush and finally eluded the car, only to find it waiting for us when later we reached my friend's hotel. He dashed to his

room and freedom but I was dragged by two Mexicans to the nearby police headquarters.

I was held *incomunicado*, with Mexican peons as my cell mates and the floor as a bed. I got a whiff of atmosphere in a new Mexican setting which has proved valuable to me since. At the trial at 7:00 a. m. the following day I was given a lecture on the evils of trying to rob poor, hard-working Monterrey taxi drivers of their fare and was sentenced to pay the driver 2.50 pesos and an additional fine of 5 pesos for trying to flimflam him, allegedly. The fact that I ran appeared to be the convicting evidence against me, since there were no witnesses and it was a case of my word against that of the *cochero*.

THESE incidents are cited merely as experiences a newspaper man in a foreign field may have at times and are not intended to convey the idea that life for the newspaper man in Mexico is merely a round of hide-

and-seek games with the police. On the contrary, most of the established American newspaper correspondents in Mexico, since the beginning of the present year, possess identification cards signed by none other than General Jose Mijares Palencia, chief of police in Mexico City, whose signature bears weight.

Taking life in Mexico as a whole, it has a glamour that is absent in the more civilized republic to the north. That is why there is material for newspaper stories here. It is not necessary to "turn native" to freelance in Mexico City, and a person may enjoy himself here whether or not he likes *mole de guajolote*, *enchiladas*, *tamales*, and other spicy Mexican palate ticklers.

All in all, Mexico is a good place to write about for newspapers and magazines. No doubt there are other fields farther away from home, even more alluring to writers, that may be beckoning as the newspaper field in the U. S. A. becomes more and more congested.

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A Moment I'll Never Forget

(Continued from page 8)

Daugherty wagon, called by the San Antonio Express office for me. We then went to the home of Col. Monserrate. The rain was still coming down in sheets but the Colonel and his wife were standing on the porch awaiting us. Col. Monserrate climbed into the dripping wagon and away the little mules sped to the Southern Pacific depot. We did not have long to wait. When the train rolled in, the sleeper in which Mrs. Pickett and her son were traveling was opened quickly, as the conductor had been informed that Gen. McKibbin would be at the station to meet them.

DRIPPING, our slickers glistening with raindrops and our hats soaked through, we entered the car. Mrs. Pickett and her son were expecting us. Gen. McKibbin greeted them and inquired if there was anything needed, then introduced Col. Monserrate and myself.

I have weathered many emotional and affecting scenes but that occurring when the flag bearer of Gettysburg extended his hand and grasped that of his old chieftain's widow surpassed them all. Col. Monserrate was a type of the Southern gentleman artists love to picture. He wore a moustache and short goatee, such as pictures of Kentucky colonels show, stood erect and in every movement showed military training.

When he explained to Mrs. Pickett who he was and how he had been given this opportunity of meeting her

and her son through the courtesy of a general who had fought in the battle against her husband, she too was affected. Gen. McKibbin and I stood apart, our eyes averted, and I saw a suspicious moisture in the General's eyes. He moved close to me, pressed his foot on mine, and spoke to Mrs. Pickett, bidding her good-bye and telling Col. Monserrate that we would wait for him on the platform.

Then he whispered into my ear, "Lunsford, you and I don't belong here; let's get out." We did and when we reached the platform Gen. McKibbin slapped me on the shoulder, saying, "If I hadn't got you out of there, you would have been crying like a baby."

"What about you?" I asked.

"Let's get a drink," he answered, and we did. It was half an hour later that Col. Monserrate descended from the sleeper. Capt. Pickett and his mother followed him to the rear car platform, both visibly affected. Mrs. Pickett, tears streaming from her eyes, called Gen. McKibbin and told him how deeply she appreciated his thoughtful kindness in bringing this old member of her husband's command to meet her.

Through the years after during my association with Col. Monserrate he never failed to tell me how deeply that meeting with Mrs. Pickett had affected him and how grateful he was to the Union commander who had made it possible. It was a moment that I never will forget.

Pointers on Book Reviewing

(Continued from page 9)

but enough of it is told to familiarize the reader with its nature, and allow him to draw general conclusions regarding it. The central figures and the struggle, or nature of the crisis, are made known.

The summarizing paragraphs deal with the work as a whole, its conception and execution. It is compared with similar works with which the reader is more familiar, and likenesses and differences pointed out.

So it is wherever one examines the book pages of the better periodicals. The aim is toward intelligent appreciation of a work, and by consequence the just estimate of its value and rank.

YET modern readers do not want this imposed upon them in a

predigested form. They will not tolerate a long chain of praise without becoming suspicious, for they know that human writing is liable to all the error of human flesh, and perhaps more. Neither will they rally to long attacks, "for there is so much bad in the best of us. . . ."

Here is another type of thing at which they balk—and rightly so.

"This little volume on short-story writing by Professor A deals with magazine writing in part one and syndicate writing in part two. Professor A has devoted a great amount of time to what he calls 'fundamental foundations' as they are related to the possible achievement of the worker. Another interesting part is the chapters that deal with rapidity

of writing and the methods employed by various authors to speed up their work."

Such a review sounds too much as though it had been written on a dreary afternoon from the table of contents while the rest of the book was away. Readers could not distinguish it from a dozen other similar works on the same subject. They would ask: How does it compare with Prof. D's book? Is this the same author who wrote *Jaundice Journalism*? What other books has he had printed? For whom is this one intended, and is it really worth its price?

In short, what is needed is (a) news of the book and author, if either is unfamiliar, (b) a brief review of the thing to show what it is all about, and (c) a critical estimate with reasons for judgment.

A fair, honest, objective, straightforward estimate appears to be the most successful and the most popular review. Reviewing needs to be rescued from the early odium it received by associating with pure censure and fault finding. It need not be too stiffly differentiated from any other kind of writing, for though it can offer no special privileges, neither is it embarrassed by any serious disabilities. That it is lower as an intellectual effort than strictly creative writing is generally agreed. Yet it has in and of itself certain definite things to offer—so definite that they can be numbered and listed, as dozens of its friends have already done:

1. It is interesting for its own sake, like any other means of obtaining or imparting knowledge.

2. Since it is a kind of literature, its justification rests on the same basis as any other literary form.

3. It helps our appreciation of literature, since it enhances the impression and interprets and makes clear what often is obscure in the object criticized.

4. It informs us what in our mass of literature is good and what bad, and thus saves our time and mental energy.

5. It prepares the public for the author, in the sense of lessening the gap between the two.

6. It shows an author how to adapt himself to the public.

7. It regulates and disciplines general literary taste.

8. It frees literature from the tyranny of prejudice and whim in the reading public.

9. It destroys morbidity in authors and in the public.

10. It gives people who have not time to read originals some information about new books, new authors, and new ideas.

WHO «» WHAT «» WHERE

WILLIAM V. REDDY (Syracuse '30) has been transferred from the reportorial staff to the sports department of the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Post Standard*, succeeding Thomas Daley, resigned.

* * *

DALE COX (Indiana '24), author of the daily column "Byproducts" in the Cleveland (O.) *Plain Dealer*, attended the annual meeting of the United States Chamber of Commerce in Washington, D. C.

* * *

LEW A. GREENE (Washington '20) is with the J. Walter Thompson Company, advertising agency, in New York City.

* * *

HARL N. ANDERSEN (Nebraska '30) is courthouse reporter for the Lincoln (Neb.) *Star*, replacing MUNRO KEZER (Nebraska '29). Andersen formerly was with the Omaha *World-Herald*, stationed at Lincoln.

* * *

VALENTINE MARTIN, JR., (Northwestern '24) is news editor of the Hollywood (Fla.) *News*.

* * *

GEORGE MAGENHEIMER (Northwestern '30) covers the Federal Building for the Peoria (Ill.) *Journal-Transcript*.

* * *

FREDERICK DALY (Nebraska '29) is sports editor of the Hastings (Neb.) *Daily Tribune*.

* * *

GAYLE C. WALKER (Nebraska '24) has been promoted from acting director to full director of the University of Nebraska School of Journalism.

* * *

VILAS J. BOYLE (Wisconsin '25), formerly assistant dramatic editor of The Indianapolis *Star*, is now with the publicity department of Columbia Pictures, Inc., New York City.

Merging of the Equitable Trust Company with Chase National Bank brings STUART GORRELL (Indiana '24) into the advertising department of the latter institution. His specialty is direct-by-mail advertising.

* * *

GEORGE F. GERLING (Wisconsin '28) has been appointed instructor in journalism at the University of Wyoming.

* * *

MORRIS SEARCY (Oregon State '30) has joined the staff of the Coos Bay (Ore.) *Times*, Marshfield daily. He will represent the newspaper at Coquille, Ore.

* * *

RAYMOND D. HARTING (Washington '25) is a member of the staff of the *South End Journal*, Seattle, Wash.

* * *

ROBERT M. BELT (Oregon State '28) is in charge of locating the first road to the summit of Haleakala, world's largest volcano, in the Hawaiian Islands. Belt, formerly in newspaper work in Olympia, Wash., and Newport, Ore., and a contributor to *Life* and other magazines, may become a resident engineer on the island of Hawaii for an 18-month period.

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Keeping Off the Shelf

(Continued from page 5)

nevertheless the creed of every newspaper man worthy of the name.

In regard to curiosity and memory, I believe the ingenuity and originality that lift a reporter above the average should be included as part of the fourth essential.

An open mind, stamina, the eternal "why," devotion to the job, ingenuity and, above all, truth. Once these are soaked into the very marrow of his bones, a man will be remembered with the epitaph we all hope for:

"He was a real newspaper man."

WHO «» WHAT «» WHERE

DON TRENARY (Wisconsin '28) is a reporter on the *Wisconsin News*, Milwaukee.

ALLEN J. TENNY (Wisconsin '30) is city editor of the *Birmingham, Mich., Eccentric*.

BOB DE HAVEN (Wisconsin '29) is now in the radio department of the *Wisconsin News* at Milwaukee.

A. L. FAUSZ (Ohio State '31) is reporting for the *Toledo (O.) Times*.

VICTOR F. BARNETT, managing editor of the *Tulsa (Okla.) Tribune*, WALTER W. MILLS, editorial writer and columnist for the *Oklahoma City (Okla.) Times*, and L. M. NICHOLS, editor of the *Bristow (Okla.) Record*, have been initiated into the University of Oklahoma chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

The three have been identified with newspaper work for many years, the career of Mr. Nichols extending as far back as 1895 when he started with the *Trenton (Mo.) Tribune*. Mr. Mills, through his column, "Don't Worry," and his activity in the Oklahoma Press Association, is one of Oklahoma's most widely known newsmen. Mr. Barnett, starting as a carrier in 1905 for the *Rochester (Ind.) Sentinel*, has held virtually every editorial position in both metropolitan and country fields.

PERCY H. LANDRUM (Kentucky '31) has joined the advertising staff of the *Hidalgo County News*, Pharr, Tex.

FRANCISCO G. TONOGBANUA (Wisconsin '30) has been appointed assistant editor of publications, Philippine Bureau of Education, Manila, P. I.

NATHE P. BAGBY (Texas '29), head of the journalism department of Southwestern College, Winfield, Kan., and formerly for five years a member of the *Dallas News* editorial staff, spent the summer working toward his Ph.D. degree at the University of Texas, Austin.

GRANVILLE PRICE (Texas '26), who received his Master of Arts degree last June at the University of Texas, is now on the sports copy desk of the *New York Herald Tribune*. He was on the city desk of the *Galveston (Tex.) News* for three years before returning to the university to do graduate work.

JOSEPH K. RUKENBROD (Ohio State '29) has joined the editorial staff of the *Springfield (Ohio) Daily News*.

THOMAS W. MORROW (Illinois '25) is with the *City News Bureau*, Chicago, Ill.

EDWARD C. ROBBINS (Oregon '25) has purchased the *Montavilla Times*, weekly community newspaper of Portland, Ore.

WILLIAM E. DRIPS (Wisconsin '19), service editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, and Josephine Wylie, associate editor of *Better Homes and Gardens*, were married on April 4. Drips is a former national officer of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

ARTHUR W. LAWRENCE (Oregon State Associate), printer and publisher of *Corvallis, Ore.*, has resigned as Oregon state representative from Benton County to accept an appointment by Governor Julius L. Meier to the state industrial accident commission.

ALLAN NEVINS (Illinois '12), editorial writer and critic on the *New York World* until its consolidation with the *New York Telegram*, is the author of "Henry White," a biography of the American diplomat, recently published by Harper & Brothers.

GEORGE A. BRANDENBURG (Northwestern '29) has resigned as assistant editor of the *Hawthorne Microphone*, house organ of the Western Electric Company, to become Chicago correspondent for *Editor & Publisher*, weekly journal for publishers and advertising men.

SAM A. MINDELL (Missouri '29) is a member of the sports department of the *Omaha (Neb.) Bee-News*.

FRANK H. BARTHOLOMEW (Oregon State Associate), manager of the Pacific Coast division of United Press, represented California for his organization at the meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York City. His eastward trip was made on the chartered train of the King of Siam, whose condition he reported daily. Bartholomew assisted in the organization at San Francisco this spring of the Northern California Alumni Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

CLAYTON FINCH (Kansas '26) has been appointed advertising manager of the *Shawnee (Okla.) News and Star*. For the past three years he had been assistant advertising manager of the *Arkansas City (Kans.) Daily Traveler*.

FRED A. KELLY (Oregon State '23), principal of the *Templeton (Calif.) Union High School*, is teaching a class in journalism which recently produced a yearbook of All-American honor rank.

PIERRE J. HUSS (Missouri '29) has been assigned to Mexico City as staff correspondent by International News Service. He is located at the Club de Corresponsales Extranjeros de Mexico, Av. Independencia 1, Mexico, D. F. With him there are CHARLES NUTTER (Missouri '23), Associated Press correspondent, and THEODORE A. EDIGER (Kansas '29), free lance.

L. M. NICHOLS (Oklahoma Associate), editor and publisher of the *Bristow (Okla.) Record*, was elected president of the National Editorial Association, which met at Atlanta, Ga., June 1-4. Mr. Nichols is a former president of the Oklahoma State Press Association and vice-president of N. E. A. Two hundred editors and publishers of small dailies and weeklies attended the annual N. E. A. convention.

WALTER W. R. MAY (Oregon State Associate), associate editor of the *Portland Oregonian*, was named chairman of a committee of the Pacific Northwest Newspaper Advertising Executives Association appointed to confer with editorial executives in the Pacific Northwest on editorial subjects as they relate to advertising. The committee appointment followed assertions at a recent association meeting that sensationalized news does not put readers in the best frame of mind for advertisement displays.

LESTER ZIFFREN (Missouri '27), who has represented the United Press in South America for the past three years, has been transferred from Rio de Janeiro to Chile. Ziffren was the only American newspaper man to accompany the Prince of Wales and his party on their 10-day journey into the interior of Brazil. While in Minas Geraes with the party, Ziffren went down into the deepest mine in the world—7533 feet.

LESTER J. SACK (Missouri '27), former editor of *The Jewish Record*, San Antonio weekly, and his brother, Alfred N. Sack, former publisher, have disposed of their ownership of the newspaper, and have reestablished the Sack Amusement Enterprises, a film distributing and general theatrical booking agency founded by the latter in 1920. The Sack territory includes Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas. Main offices are at 304 Main Avenue, San Antonio, Texas.

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A great Press Association serving publications all over the world obtained its eleventh man through the Personnel Bureau of Sigma Delta Chi this month.

When an organization which has the continuous and varied contacts with experienced newspaper men such as this one has comes again and again to the same source for its personnel, it means but one thing and that is—the service of the Personnel Bureau of Sigma Delta Chi must be adequate.

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